Bantod & Norvegielle Meladiése LONDON: PUBLISHED BY CHAPPELL AND TO. 194, KAY BOND STRELT. Price the ...



Harp of the North! _ still must thine accents steep?

Mid rustling leaves, and fountains marmaring, Still must they sweeter sounds their silence keep, Nor bid one warrier smile, nor teach one maid to weep?

happell & 6. 12-1. Son Bond - Street.

DANISH AND NORWEGIAN

Melodies.

SELECTED

BY A. ANDERSEN FELDBORG,

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN.

HARMONIZED AND ARRANGED,

WITH

ADDITIONAL SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

FOR THE

Piano-Forte,

BY

C. STOKES.

THE POETRY TRANSLATED

BY

WILLIAM SIDNEY WALKER,

OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY CHAPPELL AND CO. 124, NEW BOND STREET.

C. WHITTINGHAM, PRINTER, CHISWICK.

TO THE

DANISH AND NORWEGIAN NATIONS,

IN TOKEN OF THE DUTIFUL REGARD

FELT BY ONE

WHO REJOICED WITH THEM IN THE DAYS OF THEIR PROSPERITY,

AND WHO HAS NOT BEEN PREVENTED IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY,

FROM MANIFESTING HIS SYMPATHY IN THEIR SUFFERINGS,

THESE MELODIES

ARE INSCRIBED,

WITH SANGUINE HOPES FOR A RETURN OF THE TIMES

WHEN DENMARK AND NORWAY

PRESENTED A PICTURE OF PUBLIC AND PRIVATE HAPPINESS

WHICH BUT FEW COUNTRIES HAVE ENJOYED.

A. ANDERSEN FELDBORG.

London, July 24, 1815.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The length of some of the songs precluded the possibility of their introduction in an entire form, without a violation of the rules generally observed in musical publications of this kind. It may therefore be necessary to apprize the Public, that the words at length, with several other poems, will be found in a volume entitled, "Poems from the Danish, illustrated with Historical Notes," just published by Messrs. Carpenter and Son, Old Bond Street.

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THE POPULAR

Naval Song of Denmark.

BY THE LATE

JOHANNES EVALD,

OF COPENHAGEN.

KING CHRISTIAN took his fearless stand,
'Midst smoke and night:
A thousand weapons rang around,
The red blood spun from many a wound,
'Midst smoke and steam to the profound
Sunk Sweden's night!
"Fly, sons of Swedes! what heart may dare
With Denmark's Christian to compare
In fight?"

NILS YULE beheld the storm roll nigh;
"The hour is come!"
He waves the crimson flag on high,
The blows in doubling vollies fly,
"Tis come," the foes of Denmark cry,
"Our day of doom!
Fly ye who can! what warrior dares
Meet Denmark's YULE, that man prepares
His tomb!"

Sea of the North! aloft behold
Thy third bolt fly!
Thy chilly lap receives the bold,
For terror fights with TORDENSKOLD,
And Sweden's shrieks, like death-bell toll'd,
Ring through thy sky.
Onward the bolt of Denmark rolls;
"Swedes! to heaven commit your souls,
And fly!"

Thou darksome deep! the Dane's pathway To might and fame!
Receive thy friend! whose spirit warm Springs to meet danger's coming form, As thy waves rise against the storm, And mounts to flame!
'Midst song and mirth life's path I'll tread, And hasten to my ocean-bed Through fame.

Love of our Country.

Β¥

PROFESSOR THOMAS THAARUP.

OF COPENHAGEN.

Thou spot of earth, where from my bosom
The first weak tones of nature rose;
Where first I cropp'd the stainless blossom
Of pleasure, yet unmix'd with woes;
Where, with my new-born powers delighted,
I tripp'd beneath a mother's hand;
In thee the quenchless flame was lighted,
That sparkles for my native land!

And when in childhood's quiet morning
Sometimes to distant haunts we rove,
The heart, like bended bow returning,
Springs swifter to its home of love!
Each hill, each dale, that shared our pleasures
Becomes a heaven in memory;
And ev'n the broken veteran measures
With sprightlier step his haunts of glee.

O'er Norway's crags, o'er Denmark's vallies,
Heroic tombs profusely rise,
Memorials of the love that rallies
Nations round kings, and knits their ties.
Sweet is the bond of filial duty,
Sweet is the grasp of friendly hand,
Sweet is the kiss of opening beauty,
But sweeter still our native land,

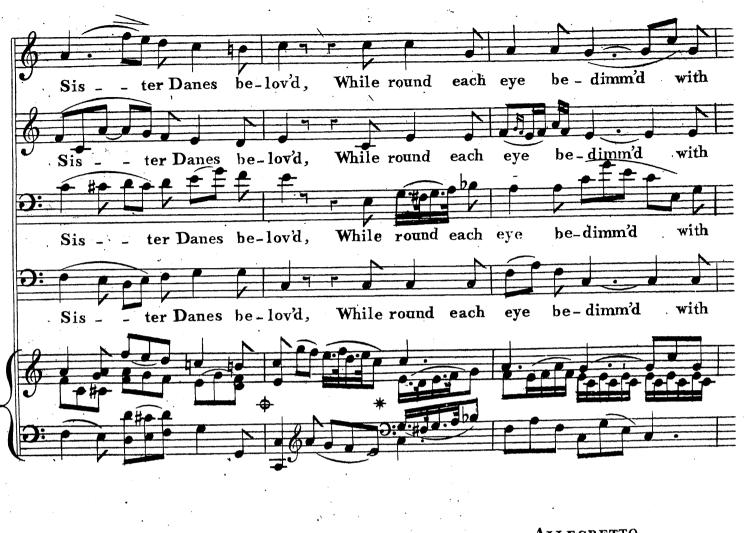
The love of our Country!

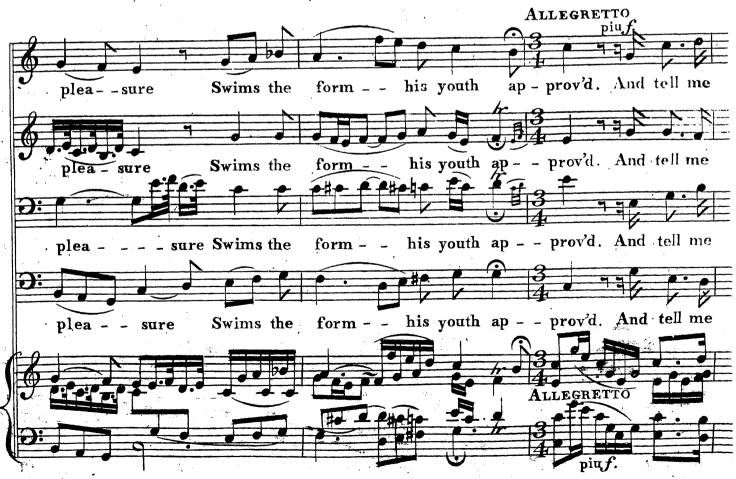














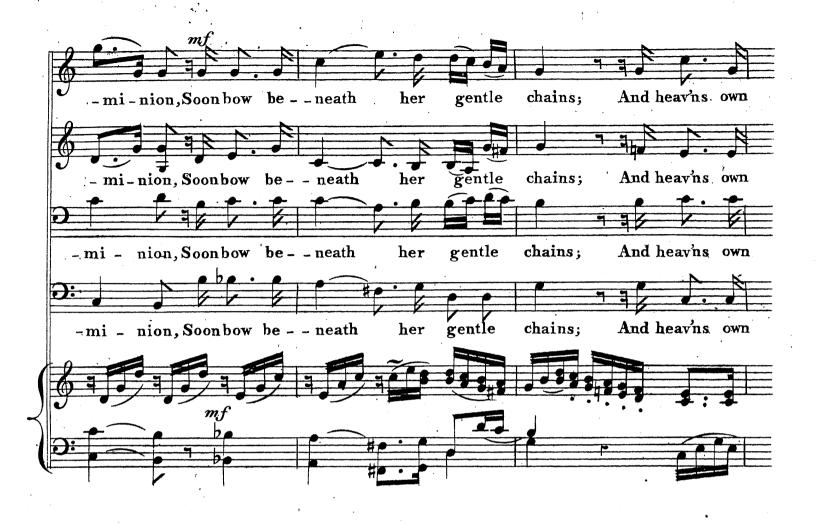
















THE

Women of Denmark.

PROFESSOR K. L. RAHBEK,

OF COPENHAGEN.

Brethren, join the social measure,
Sing our sister Danes belov'd,
While round each eye bedimm'd with pleasure
Swims the form his youth approv'd.
And tell me not, that cold to beauty,
Ye feel not yet her thrilling eye;
The heart that's fit for friendship's duty
Is fit for gentle woman's tie.

Glory to the spouse who traces
Firm through sorrow's rocky soil,
Him who shared her first embraces,
Side by side, nor faints with toil!
The silent tear that darkly glances
She kisses from him ere it fall,
She shares each smile, each sweet enhances,
His friend, his counsellor, his all.

Heaven's own blessing rest upon her,
The nymph who wins without a wile,
Her, who turns a youth to honour
By the magic of her smile!
Oh! many a boy hath found in beauty
His guardian power, his spirit's aid;
How can he hate the paths of duty,
Who loves them in his dearest maid?

Joy to him, the lov'd, the loving,
To the husband and the friend!
May they win their heart's approving,
Who now in vain before her bend;
May he, who scorns the fair's dominion,
Soon bow beneath her gentle chains;
And Heaven's own love, with fostering pinion,
Watch ever o'er our sister Danes!

Sinclair's Song.

BV THE

LATE EDWARD STORM,

A NORWEGIAN POET.

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave, And he steer'd for the Norway border; In Gulbrand valley he found his grave, Where his merrymen fell in disorder.

Across the sea came the Sinclair brave,
To fight for the gold of Gustavus;
God help thee, chief! from the Norway glaive
No other defender can save us.

The moon rode high in the blue night-cloud,
And the waves round the bark rippled smoothly;
When the mermaid rose from her wat'ry shroud,
And thus sang the prophetess soothly:

"Return, return, thou Scottish wight!
Or thy light is extinguish'd in mourning;
If thou goest to Norway, I tell thee right,
No day shall behold thy returning."

"Now loud thou liest, thou sorceress old!
Thy prophecies ever are sore;
If once I catch thee within my hold,
Thou never shalt prophesy more."

He sail'd three days, he sail'd three nights,
He and his merrymen bold;
The fourth he near'd old Norway's heights,
I tell you the tale as 'tis told.















Porwegian popular Zong.

вv

BISHOP J. NORDAHL BRUN,

OF BERGEN.

To Norway, mother of the brave,
We crown the cup of pleasure,
And dream our freedom come again,
And grasp the vanish'd treasure.
When once the mighty task's begun,
The glorious race is swift to run.

Chorus.—To Norway, &c.

Drink to the children of the rocks,

To Norway's honest bosoms!

For him alone, who breaks our chains,

Our wreath of glory blossoms:

And when did mountain-youth deny

For Norway's cause to live and die?

Chorus.—Drink to, &c.

One glass to faith and friendship flows,
One to Norwegia's daughters;
Drink each the girl his heart adores,
And shame on him who palters!
Shame on the wretch who welcomes chains,
And woman, wine, and song disdains.

Chorus.—One glass, &c.

Drink to Norway's hills sublime,
Rocks, snows, and glens profound:
"Success!" her thousand echoes cry,
And thank us with the sound.
Old Dofra mingles with our glee,
And joins our shouts with three times three.

Chorus.—To Norway, mother of the brave, We crown the cup of pleasure.

Pleasure and Friendship.

CHRISTIAN MOLBECH,

ONE OF THE UNDER LIBRARIANS IN THE KING'S LIBRARY, COPENHAGEN.

Where'er life thrives in fulness blooming,
The rosy god of pleasure reigns;
A thousand nations hail his coming,
And smiling kiss his gentle chains.

Beneath his steps earth teems with roses;
His eyes with kindly lustre glow;
And from a cup half hid in posies
He showers his gifts on earth below.

Then in his pathway's flowery furrow
Gay mirth and sprightly song advance;
He stills at once the waves of sorrow,
His look a smile, his step a dance.













Infancy.

вv

PROFESSOR JENS BAGGESEN,

OF COPENHAGEN.

THERE was a time, and I recal it well,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height;
Oh! when I think of that, my warm tears swell,
And therefore in the memory I delight.

I sported in my mother's kind embraces,
And climb'd my grandsire's venerable knee;
Unknown were care, and rage, and sorrow's traces;
To me the world was blest as blest could be.

Those days were matchless sweet—but they are perish'd,
And life is thorny now, and dim, and flat;
Yet rests their memory—deeply—fondly cherish'd;
God! in thy mercy take not—take not that.

Love and Fame.

ORIGINAL.

ВY

MR. WALKER.

NAY, dearest Mary! say not so;
My heart is wholly thine!
What though thy vot'ry seem'd to bow
Before another shrine?
What though he courted Fame awhile,
And revell'd in the muse's smile?

My first, my last, my dearest love,
Thou still wert all to me!
The poet's magic song I wove
But to ennoble thee;
And sought the wreath of martial fame,
But to entwine it with thy name.

Like him* who to the sun would climb,
Content to perish there,
So he might scan its orb sublime,
I breathe my willing prayer;
Within my little sun to rest,
And die upon its radiant breast.

^{*} One of the Grecian philosophers.

Love and Same















Norwegian Love Song.

E

PETER ANDREAS HEIBERG,

OF BERGEN.

The bright red sun in ocean slept;
Beneath a pine-tree Gunild wept,
And ey'd the hills with silver crown'd,
And listen'd to each little sound
That stirr'd on high.

"Thou stream," she said, "from heights above,
Flow softly to a woman's love!
As on thy azure current steering,
Flow soft, and shut not from my hearing
The sounds I love.

"Ere chased the morn the night-cloud pale, He sought the deer in distant dale; 'Farewell!' he said, 'when evening closes, Expect me where the moon reposes On yonder vale.'

"Return, return, my Harold dear!
This wedded bosom pants with fear;
By woodland foe I deem thee dying;
Oh come! and hear the rocks replying
To Gunild's joy."

Then horns and hounds came pealing wide,
"Tis he! 'tis he!" fair Gunild cried;
"Ye winds, to Harold bear my cry!"
And rocks and mountains answer'd high
"Tis he! 'tis he!"

Danish War Song.

CHRISTEN PRAM,

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF TRADE AT COPENHAGEN.

So joyous we draw the bright sword from its sheath,
And hasten up victory's height,
When the trumpet proclaims with its heart-stirring breath
Our country's loud summons to fight:
We shout it triumphant, expiring we sing,
"Heaven prosper our country, our love, and our king."

So joyous we draw the bright sword from its sheath,
When Denmark's renown gives command;
If there's one who for her would not slumber in death,
Such a soul is not worth such a land!
We shout it triumphant, expiring we sing,
"Heaven prosper our country, our love, and our king."

So joyous we draw the bright sword from its sheath,
For our monarch, the noble and kind;
And to fall in his cause is as glorious a wreath
As to combat for him left behind!
We shout it triumphant, expiring we sing,
"Heaven prosper our country, our love, and our king."

So joyous aside the red falchion we fling,
When its point has bought peace to our shore:
Then shout for our fair land, and bountiful king,
Joy follows the battle's dread roar;
And mountain and flood shall join voice as we sing,
"Heaven prosper our queen, and give joy to our king."









Regro's Song.

RV

PROFESSOR THOMAS THAARUP.

I will fly the social room,
I will weep in lonely sadness;
The poor negro's cherish'd gloom
Must not mar the hour of gladness.
Let my fate your sighs command,
Fetter'd in a distant land.

Say, what is the negro's crime,
Ye who in our blood engrave it?
Can the colour of our clime
Plead for sin with him who gave it?
Gloomy is the negro's breast,
Robb'd of her he loves the best.

God of Christians, God of men!

Thou canst melt the heart of scorn;

May none e'er the bridegroom chain,

From his new-espoused torn!

Let our fate thy pity move,

Robb'd of country and of love!

THE

Norwegian's Three Watchwords:

COURAGE, ENERGY, AND UNANIMITY.

₽¥

JOHAN STORM MUNCK,

CHAPLAIN GENERAL TO THE FORCES OF NORWAY.

When the harper's mute, and the harp stills her strings,
The joy of the circle is o'er;
Then list, while the three words of potence he sings,
The watchwords of Norway's shore;
And if there's a heart throbs at Norway's dear name,
He will answer the harp-with shout and acclaim.

Behold the tall pine-tree, how proud and how fair,
On the brow of her parent hill,
She waves her green crown, and exults in the air,
And laughs at the storm's rough will:
Like the pine of your land let your courage rise high,
Nor shrink from her call, though she call you to die.

Behold how, untired and unbroken in might
By his toils of a thousand years,
With foot like a youth, leaping down from his height,
The torrent of ages* appears;
May each heart of our land with like energy beat,
'Till its last crimson current is pour'd at her feet.

Behold where the ocean, with battle-alarms,
Chafes the rocks of our land in his pride;
Behold where the sea-rocks, like brethren in arms,
Encounter his wrath side by side:
Just Heaven! may our swords flame in unity yet,
"Till Norway's last sun on her mountains is set!

^{*} The Sarp, a celebrated cataract in Norway.















Canute and Ellen.

ORIGINAL.

BY

MR. WALKER.

The pole-star of love was just peeping,
And the leaves of the forest were sleeping,
When thus beneath a green oak's shade
Young Canute said:
"Wilt thou go, my English love!
The gloomy waves above,
A Norseman's faith to prove?
Wilt thou quit the green vales of thy birth, love,
And dwell in a far foreign earth, love?"

She clung to the bosom that press'd her,
She smil'd on the lips that caress'd her,
And thus beneath the green oak's shade
Young Ellen said:
"Dear is the land of my birth,
"Tis the pearl and pride of earth,
But thy love is fairer worth!
And the mighty waves threat with their spray, dear.
But true love is mightier than they, dear!"











